

DREDD DISPENSES JUSTICE

PROG 435
14 SEP 85

IN

2000 AD

FEATURING JUDGE DREDD

£1.45 Malaysia
65c Australia
65c New Zealand
88p Mercury
210p Venus
65p Mars
10p Asteroid Belt
110p Saturn
70p Neptune
2p Pluto

24p
EARTH
MONEY

IN ORBIT
EVERY
MONDAY

WALKIE
TALKIE
FREEBIE



20 TO
GIVE AWAY!

I AM THE
LAW!

...AND THE
SENTENCE
IS

THRILL-
POWER!

ROBOHUNTER



NEW
THRILL!

NEMESIS



NEW
THRILL!



WELCOME TO THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC!

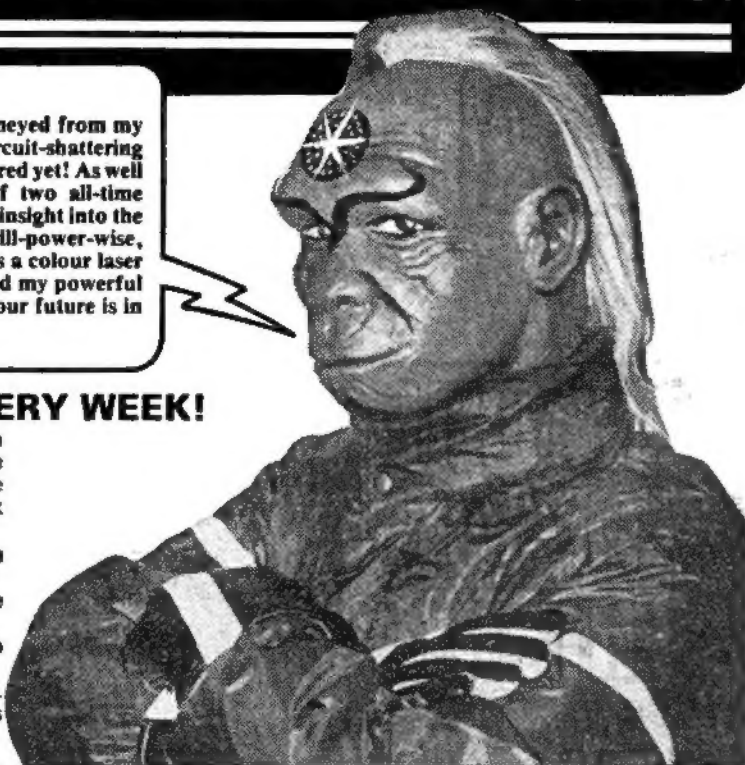
BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

I am The Mighty Tharg, alien editor supreme! Many years ago I journeyed from my home planet in Betelgeuse to bring you 2000 AD, the ultimate in circuit-shattering adventure...and I have programmed this edition to be the most thrill-powered yet! As well as a zarjaz new *Judge Dredd* story, this prog heralds the return of two all-time favourites - *Nemesis the Warlock* and *Robohunter* - and gives you a rare insight into the way my demented droids create my cosmic comic. This is truly terrific, thrill-power-wise, but there's more...20 scrotnig Walkie Talkies to be given away free, plus a colour laser scan of *The Mean Team*, a brand new saga warping your way soon. Read my powerful prog slowly, O trembling Terrans, and savour every mighty moment. Your future is in good hands!

GALACTIC GROATS TO BE WON — EVERY WEEK!

Letters and drawings programmed into the 2000 AD mainframe can win £5 or £10 — depending on their quality and originality. The Mighty One is hard to please, but Earthlets who take note of the following guidelines have a greater chance of seeing their work selected...

1. Drawings intended for Nerve Centre use should be in black ink on white paper.
2. Tracings or exact copies from 2000 AD progs are un-zarjaz: be original!
3. Make sure your name and address is clearly written on each drawing.
4. Letters and stories should be reasonably short and to the point.
5. Do not send any form of money to the Nerve Centre for back progs — no stocks are held by Tharg.



MEET THE MEGA-CITY MEGA-STAR!

In Mega-City One, the sprawling 22nd Century metropolis of 400 million crazies, each and every citizen is a potential criminal perpetrator — and there's one lesson they all learn early...Judge Dredd is The Law!



DATA FILE

NAME: THARG
HOMEWORLD: QUAXXANN, 6th PLANET IN THE STAR SYSTEM BETELGEUSE
AGE: INDETERMINATE — BUT ANCIENT
SPECIAL POWERS: TOTAL MIGHTINESS
DISTINGUISHING MARKS: GREEN SKIN; THE ROSETTE OF SIRIUS (a sub-space communicator implanted on forehead).
OCCUPATION: EDITOR AND INSPIRATION OF THE GALAXY'S GREATEST COMIC!

SOME BETELGEUSIAN SAYINGS

BORAG THUNGG:	Galactic Greetings.
SPLUNDIG VUR	
THRIGG:	Farewell.
ZARJAZ:	Fantastic.
QUAXX DEK	
THARGO:	Friend of Tharg.
QUAEQUAM BLAGI:	My Goodness! Sacre Bleu! Strewth! Out of this World.
GHAFFLEBETTE:	Many Thanks.
FLORIX GRABUNDAL:	Thrill-powered.
SCROTNIG:	April Fool!
FROGNUM GRUELISI:	Idiot or un-zarjaz person.
GREXNIX:	

NEW THRILLS!

ROBO HUNTER

Sam C. Slade, the greatest robhunter that ever lived, is free at last! Free from 2 years of hell in Dr Sigmund Droid's "health farm"...free to search out and punish the robota who'd had him locked up there — his idiot assistant, Hoagy, and his homicidal cigar, Stogie!

NEMESIS THE WARLOCK

Thoth — the son of Nemesis whom the Warlock believes to be dead — has been secretly brought up by his mother's murderer in Termight, the planet Earth in the far future. Now Thoth is ready to exact a terrible vengeance...on Torquemada, himself deceased 10 years before...and, above all, on his father for deserting him!

VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

1.....

2.....

3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age is..... 435

2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT ROBOT <i>PAT MILLS</i>
ART ROBOT <i>BRYANTALBOT</i>
LETTERING ROBOT <i>STEVE POTTER</i>
COMPU-73e

2000AD
Credit Card

SCRIPT ROBOT <i>PAT MILLS</i>
ART ROBOT <i>BRYANTALBOT</i>
LETTERING ROBOT <i>STEVE POTTER</i>
COMPU-73e

All Will End In A Sea Of Fire And Blood

FORGIVE...!

БААННН.



BUT THERE HAVE BEEN MANY CHANGES DURING THESE TEN YEARS. FOR INSTANCE, ON THE WARLOCK'S PLANET...

NEMESIS... I BRING GRIM NEWS. ONE OF YOUR ABC WARRIORS HAS BEEN KILLED IN ACTION!

THAT'S A SHAME, PURITY. FANCY A SWIM?

DON'T YOU EVEN WANT TO KNOW WHICH WARRIOR?

NOT REALLY.

THE SUVNOR'S CHANGED, PURITY... EVER SINCE HE GOT ENGAGED TO THAT MAGNA.

ENGAGED?!

YES, DEAR...

WE'RE GETTING MARRIED NEXT MONTH.

LIKE THE WEDDING DRESS? A LITTLE SOMETHING I'M MAKING OUT OF ECTOPLASM.

AND NO DOUBT YOU USED YOUR SUPERNATURAL POWERS TO STOP NEMESIS CARING WHAT HAPPENS TO TERMIGHT?



FOR NOW, THOTH'S UNPLEASANT
'PET' MUST REMAIN A MYSTERY...
AS WE RETURN TO HIS FATHER'S
PLANET IN TIME FOR THE WEDDING.

IF ANYONE
KNOWS OF ANY
REASON WHY THESE
TWO SHOULD NOT
BE JOINED TOGETHER
IN WEDLOCK, LET
THEM SPEAK NOW...
OR FOREVER HOLD
THEIR PEACE.

YES—
ME!

GREAT
UNCLE
BAAL!

STAY SINGLE,
MY BOY! DON'T GET
TIED DOWN!

UNCLE—
PLEASE!

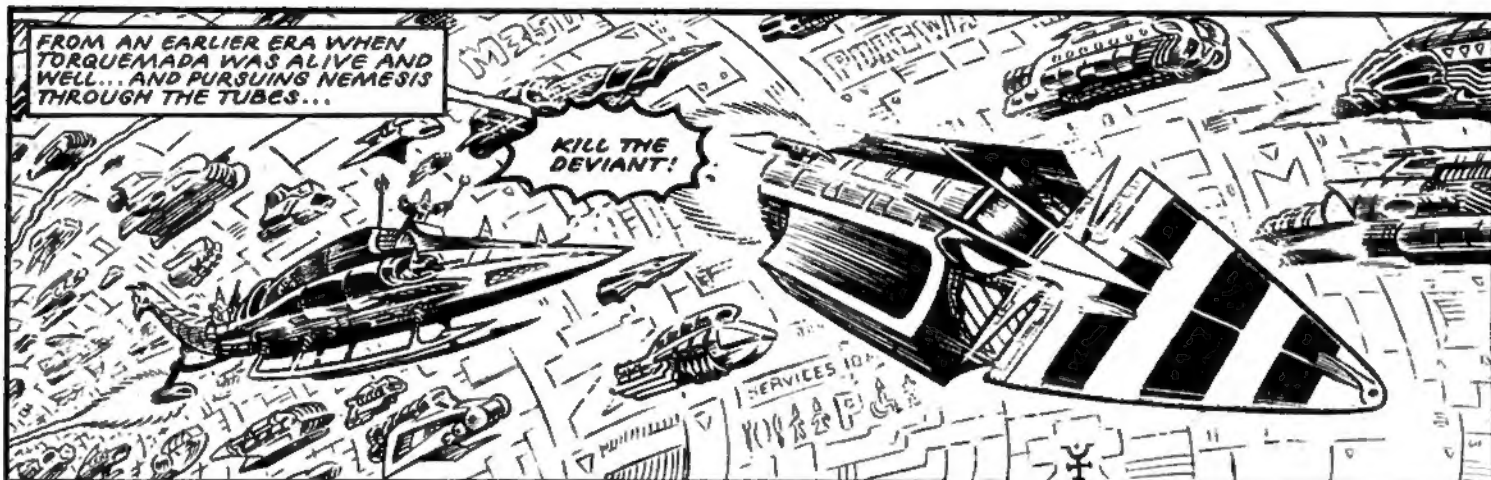
I TOLD
YOU THERE WAS
INSANITY IN HIS
FAMILY!

IF WE MAY
PROCEED...

PHREW! FOR A MOMENT I
THOUGHT HE KNEW THE TRUTH...
THAT I CAUSED THE DEATH OF
NEMESIS'S FIRST WIFE AND CHILD.

THAT CHILD WAS
ABOUT TO TRANS-
PORT SOMEONE
ELSE THROUGH
TIME...

TORQUEMADA:
THE HUMAN WHO
ORDERED MUMMY'S
DEATH!





TAKE THE ASSASSINS ALIVE! I WANT TO KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE? DON'T YOU RECOGNISE ME? TORQUEMADA, GRAND MASTER OF TERMIGHT?

YOU'RE AN IMPOSTER! OUR BELOVED LEADER DIED TEN YEARS AGO!



OH, I AM VERY MUCH ALIVE—AND LOOKING FOR AN EXPLANATION AS TO WHY YOU ARE HAVING DEALINGS WITH DEVIANTS!

GRAND DRAGON HAS REVEALED THAT SOME ALIENS ARE GOOD.



HAVE YOU GONE MAD?

THERE IS ONLY ONE GOOD ALIEN... A DEAD ALIEN!



IT'S YOU WHO WILL FACE DEATH! FOR IMPERSONATING THE GREATEST HUMAN OF ALL TIME—TORQUEMADA!

WHAT?!



IT WORKED! NOW HE WILL PAY...

THOTH'S VENGEANCE HAD BEGUN!

NEXT PROG:

"YOU'RE BETRAYING THE HUMAN RACE!"

WALKIE TALKIE FREEBIE!

Breaker, breaker! Earthlet company ERTL have donated 20 zarjaz Walkie Talkie sets to be given away - FREE!

To get your grabbers on one of these scrotnig communicating sets, simply send an envelope or postcard to:

**COMMAND MODULE 2018
KING'S REACH TOWER
STAMFORD STREET
LONDON SE1 9LS**

and remember to mark "WALKIE TALKIE FREEBIE" on your entry. The senders of the first 20 entries pulled out of Tharg's Betelgeusian Hat by 1st October 1985 (Earthtime) will soon be the happy owners of a Walkie Talkie set!

The Command Series Walkie Talkie has 6 transistors - a morse code button - a flex safety antenna and a push to talk button.



LOOK OUT FOR MORE ZARJAZ FREEBIES SOON!

ADVERTISEMENT

Know then, O Prince....

....that between the years when the oceans drank Atlantis and the years of the rise of the sons of Aryas, there was an age undreamed of, when shining kingdoms lay spread across the world like blue mantles beneath the stars. Hither came Conan the Cimmerian, black-haired, sullen-eyed, sword in hand. A thief, a reaver, a slayer to tread the jewelled thrones of the Earth beneath his sandled feet.

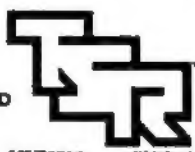
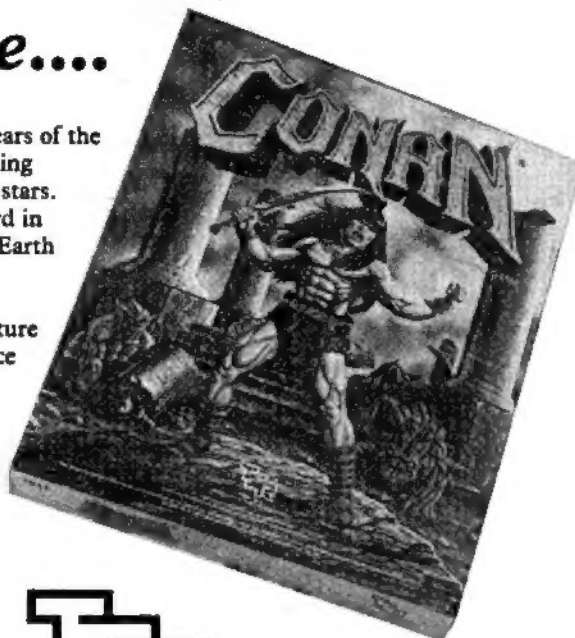
The CONAN® role-playing game contains all you need to adventure in Hyboria: three rule-books and reference guides, player sheets, dice and a colourful map of Conan's world.

Take up your broadsword, Barbarian, and FIGHT!

For 2 or more players, ages 10 to adult. Available from better games shops, or, in case of difficulty write to:

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TSR UK Ltd
The Mill,
Rathmore Road,
CAMBRIDGE CB1 4AD
(Tel 0223 212517)



**HE'S
BACK!**

Sam C Slade **ROBO HUNTER**

**BOLDER...
BADDER...
MADDER
THAN EVER
BEFORE!**



2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
GRANT/GROVER
ART ROBOT
IAN GIBSON
LETTERING NIGHT
STARKINGS
COMPU-73e

**SAM SLADE,
ROBOHUNTER, IN
HIS FIRST CASE
SINCE HIS
LAST CASE -**



"FAREWELL, MY BILLIONS"

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND OF
DR DROID ROSE FROM THE
DEPTHS OF THE PACIFIC
OCEAN INTO A CLEAR
BLUE SKY —



IT HAD BEEN TWO YEARS
SINCE I'D LAST SEEN
DAYLIGHT - TWO YEARS
OF HELL BENEATH THE
WAVES, TRAPPED IN THE
SADISTIC NIGHTMARE
THAT DR SIGMUND
DROID LAUGHINGLY
CALLED A HEALTH
FARM —

THIS HOVERMAN WILL PROVIDE
TRANSPORT BACK TO YOUR
HOME IN TAHITI, MR SLADE.



YOU ARE
LEAVING ME
A LEANER,
FITTER, FAR
HEALTHIER
MAN!



WHEN I GET BACK TO
CIVILISATION, I'M GOIN'
TO BUY A WAR-CRUISER
AN' BLOW YOU OUTA
THE WATER!

THAT'S WHAT
THEY ALL SAY.
GOODBYE, MR
SLADE!



STILL, LOOK ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE. TWO
YEARS OF DR DROID'S
SUBMARINE CONCEN-
TRATION CAMP HAD
GOT ME BACK IN
PERFECT CONDITION
TO METE OUT TERRIBLE
RETRIBUTION ON THE
TWO ROBOTS WHO'D
HAD ME LOCKED UP
THERE ...

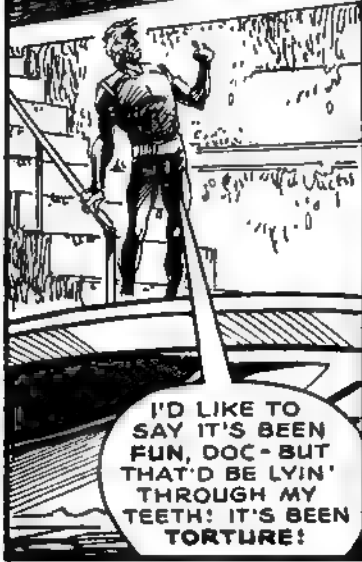
MY IDIOT ASSISTANT
HOAGY AND MY
HOMICIDAL CIGAR,
STOGIE!

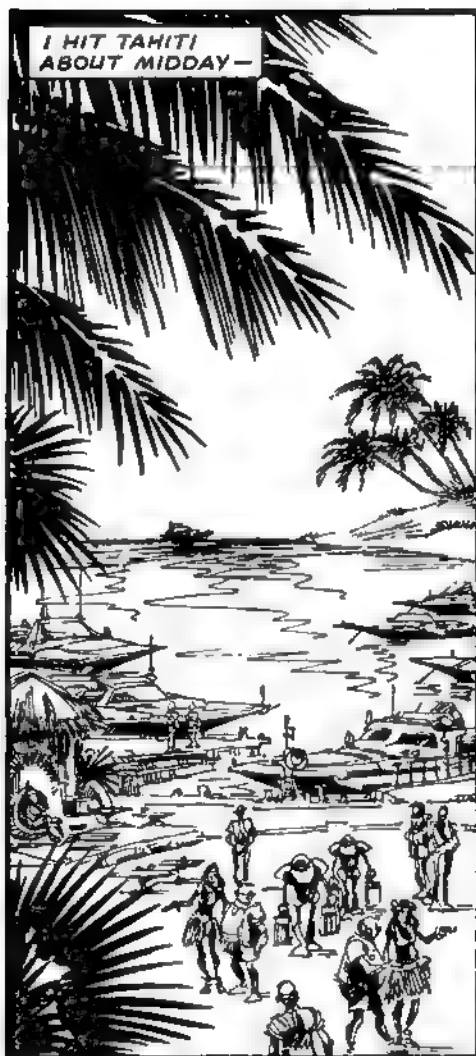


I'D SPENT MANY LONG
DAYS AND ENDLESS
NIGHTS PLANNING WHAT
I WAS GOING TO DO TO
THEM. IT'S NOT EASY
HURTING A ROBOT —
BUT YOU DON'T STAY
IN THE ROBOHUNTING
GAME AS LONG AS I
HAD WITHOUT PICKING
UP A FEW TIPS!



I'D LIKE TO
SAY IT'S BEEN
FUN, DOC - BUT
THAT'D BE LYIN'
THROUGH MY
TEETH! IT'S BEEN
TORTURE!





I HIT TAHITI ABOUT MIDDAY -

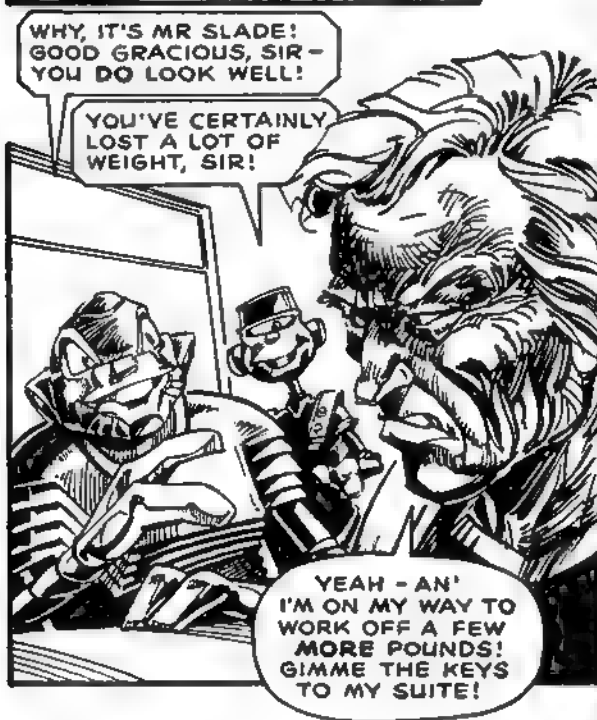


LATER, BABY, I GOT A DEMOLITION JOB TO DO!



MY ASSISTANT - MY CIGAR - WHERE ARE THEY?

YOUR ASSISTANT? I'M AFRAID I DON'T -



WHY, IT'S MR SLADE! GOOD GRACIOUS, SIR - YOU DO LOOK WELL!

YOU'VE CERTAINLY LOST A LOT OF WEIGHT, SIR!

YEAH - AN' I'M ON MY WAY TO WORK OFF A FEW MORE POUNDS! GIMME THE KEYS TO MY SUITE!



I TOOK THE STAIRS TO GIVE MY TEMPER A CHANCE TO COOL DOWN. I DIDN'T WANT TO FINISH THEM TOO QUICK!



NO - AFTER TWO YEARS OF HELL, THE LEAST I COULD DO WAS MAKE A DAY OF IT!



THE BLOW CAUGHT ME ON THE
BACK OF THE NECK WITH THE
FORCE OF A STEAMHAMMER -

WHERE ARE
THEY, SLADE?



DON'T PLAY THE
INNOCENT WITH ME!

YOUR TWO ROBOT PALS - THE
CIGAR AND THE SIMP! THEY
TOOK OFF WITH 27 BILLION
CREDITS IN BEARER BONDS!

AAAH!



I HAD TO DO
SOMETHING,
AND FAST -
BEFORE THIS
COPPER-PLATED
CAPONE
DEMOLISHED
ME -

COME BACK
HERE, SLADE!



I HAD NO GUN, AND MAYBE
I WAS A LITTLE GREY AROUND
THE TEMPLES. BUT ONCE I
WAS THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS—



AND THERE
WAS STILL
LIFE IN THE
OLD DOG
YET!



I NEEDED A
WEAPON.
YOU KNOW
YOUR OLD
PAL —
MASTER OF
IMPROVIS-
ATION —



THOUGHT YOU
COULD PICK ON AN
OLD MAN, EH, HOT-
SHOT?

WELL, YOU
PICKED THE
WRONG OLD
MAN!



THIS IS
SAM SLADE!

THAT'S
S-L-A-Y-E-D
TO YOU!



OW!
MY
BACK!

GONNA
HAVE TO TAKE
IT EASY WITH
THE DROP-
KICKS!

I CHECKED THE SUITE, OF HOAGY AND
STOGIE THERE WAS NARY A SIGN. A
COLD, NUMB FEELING WAS SPREADING
THROUGH ME AS I PICKED UP THE
PHONE AND DIALLED THE TAHITI
FEDERAL BANK —

THAT'S RIGHT, MR SLADE.
YOUR ASSISTANT CAME IN
THE DAY BEFORE YESTER-
DAY AND CLOSED YOUR
ACCOUNT.

HE TOOK
ALL OF IT?

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR.
27 BILLION CREDITS
— IN BEARER BONDS!

I COULD HARDLY BE-
LIEVE IT. AFTER EVERY-
THING THEY'D PUT ME
THROUGH — AFTER
TWO YEARS OF HELL —
THEY STILL WEREN'T
SATISFIED. THEY HAD
TO CLEAN ME OUT AS
WELL!



WHY HAD THEY DONE IT?
WHERE WERE THEY? AND
HOW HAD THE HEADLESS
HOODLUM MANAGED TO
FIND OUT ABOUT IT?

I TRIED ON THE
OLD SKINS. THEY
FITTED ME AGAIN.

IT'D BEEN
50 YEARS
SINCE I'D
WORN
THEM, BUT
IT WAS
LIKE WE'D
NEVER
BEEN
APART.



I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THE
HELL WAS GOING ON — BUT
I DID KNOW I WAS 27
BILLION DOWN, AND
NOBODY — FRIEND OR FOE —
MAKES THAT KINDA
MONKEY OUT OF
SAMUEL C. SLADE ...

NOBODY!

NEXT
PROG

HARLEM GRITS!

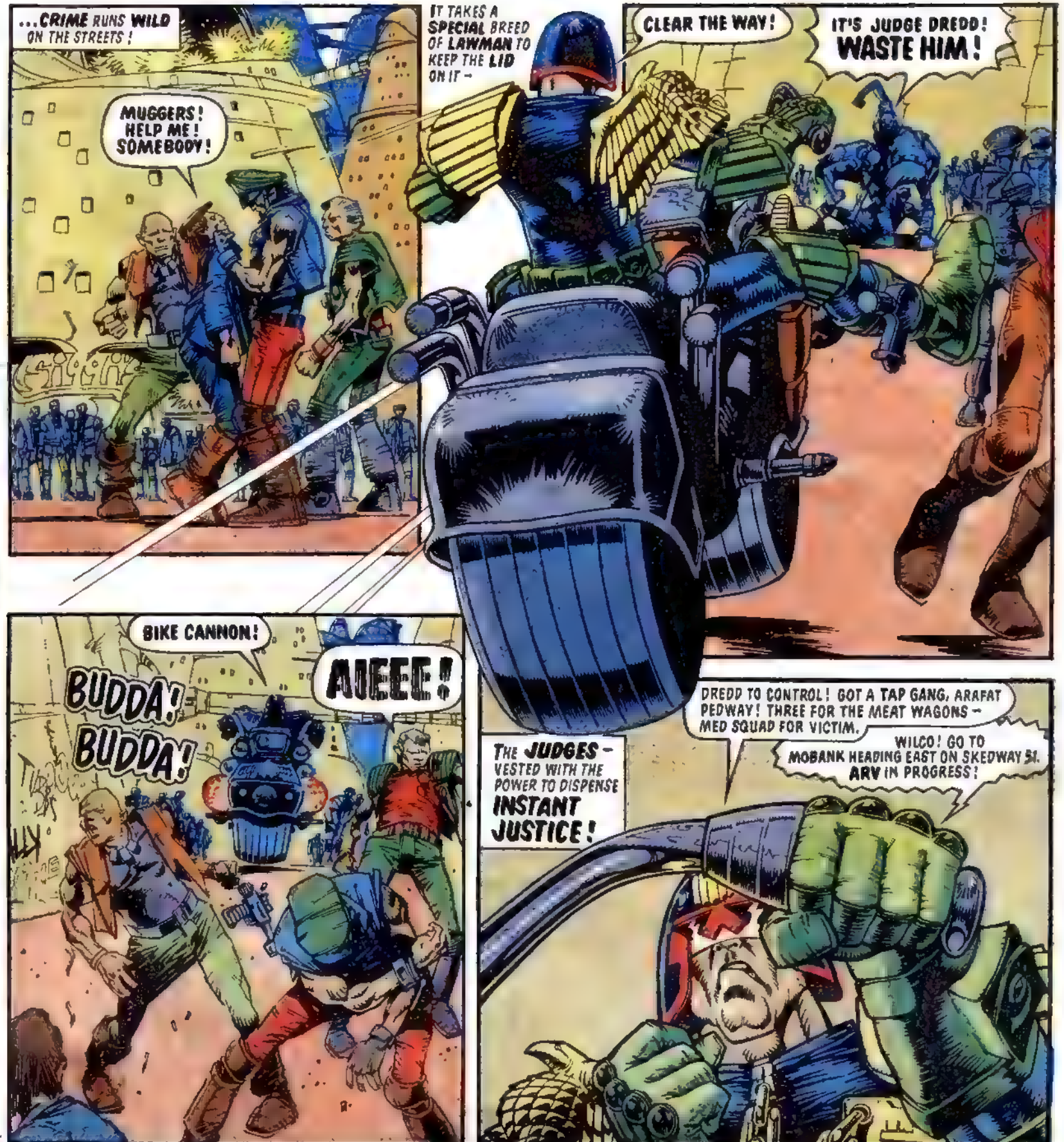


JUDGE DREDD

MEGA-CITY ONE,
VAST METROPOLIS OF
THE 22ND CENTURY.
420 MILLION
CITIZENS CRAMMED
INTO VAST
CITYBLOCKS.

UNEMPLOYMENT
IS ALMOST TOTAL,
TENSIONS RUN
AT CONSTANT
FEVER PITCH...

BY DAVID
T.B. GROVER
ART
CAM KENNEDY
LETTERING
T. FRAME



...CRIME RUNS WILD
ON THE STREETS!

MUGGERS!
HELP ME!
SOMEBODY!

IT TAKES A
SPECIAL BREED
OF LAWMAN TO
KEEP THE LID
ON IT -

CLEAR THE WAY!

IT'S JUDGE DREDD!
WASTE HIM!

BIKE CANNON!

BUDDA!
BUDDA!

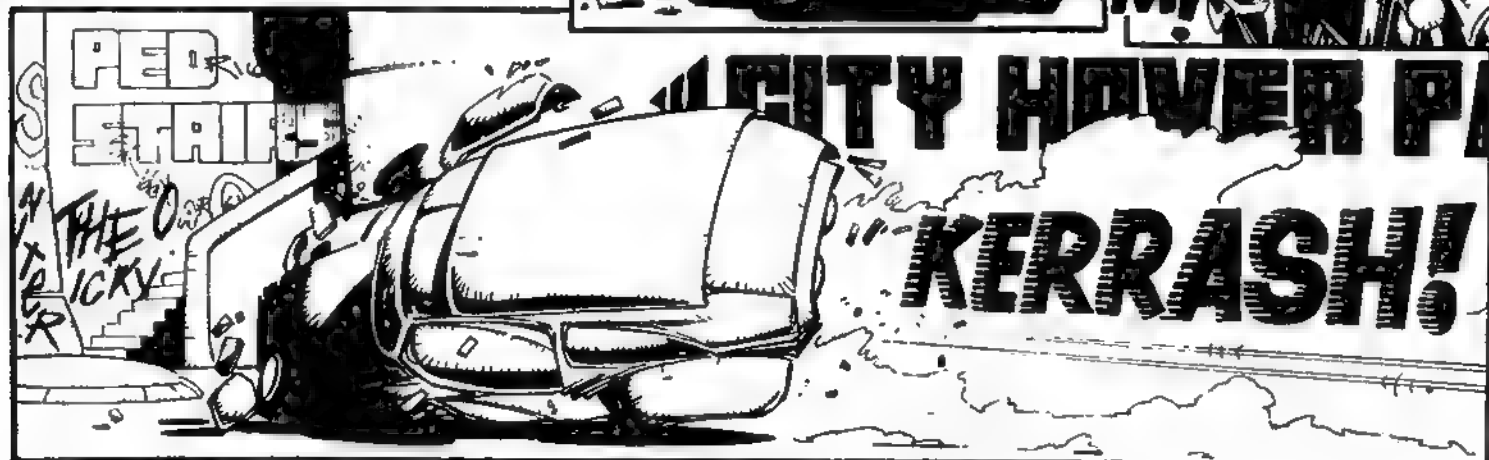
AIEEE!

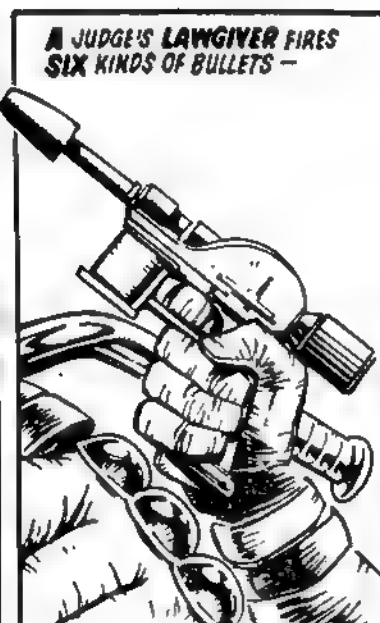
THE JUDGES -
VESTED WITH THE
POWER TO DISPENSE
INSTANT
JUSTICE!

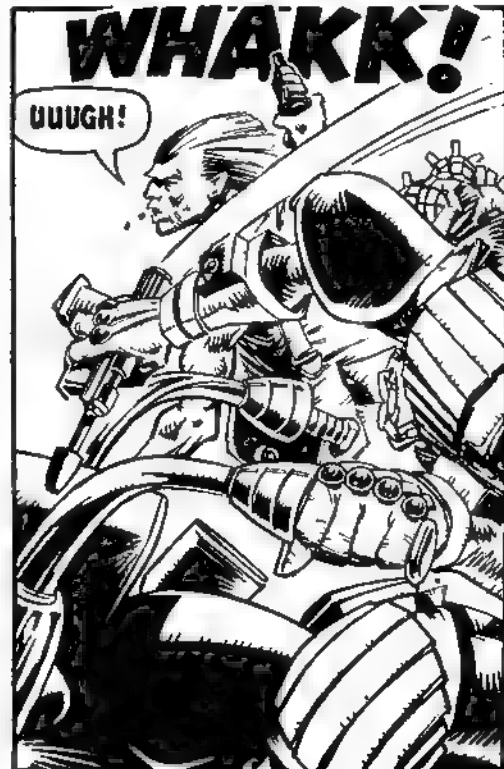
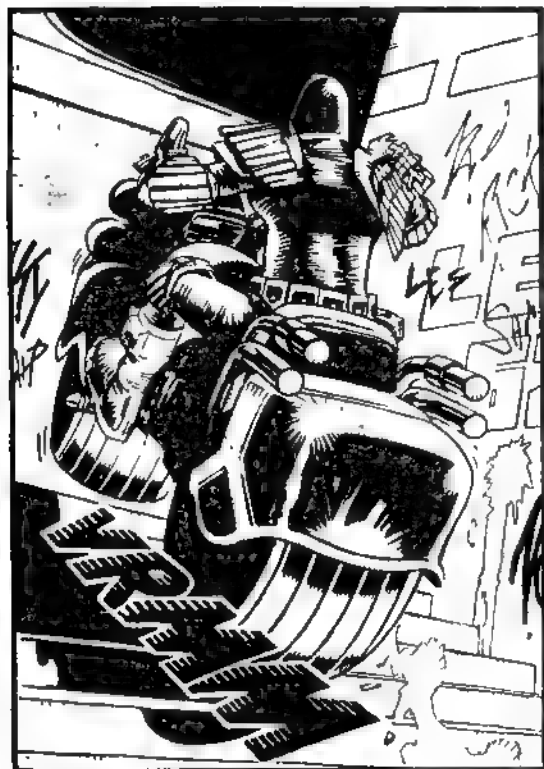
DREDD TO CONTROL! GOT A TAP GANG, ARAFAT
PEDWAY! THREE FOR THE MEAT WAGONS -
MED SQUAD FOR VICTIM.

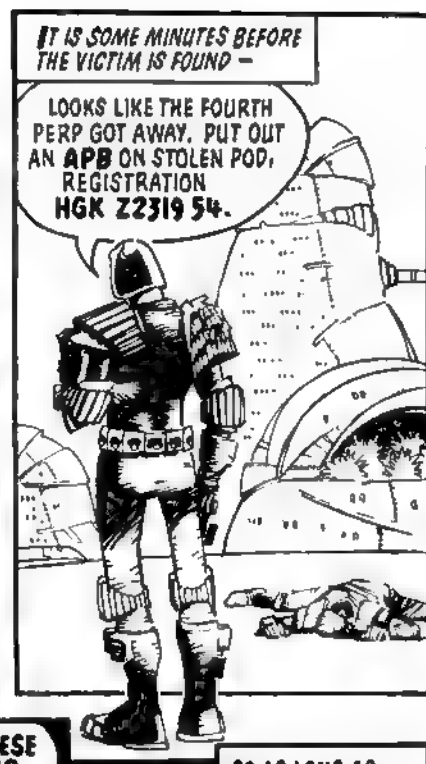
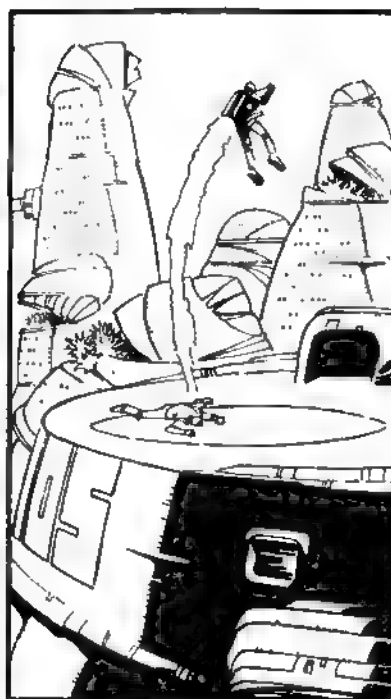
WILCO! GO TO
MOBANK HEADING EAST ON SKEDWAY 51.
ARV IN PROGRESS!

ARV - ARMED ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE...





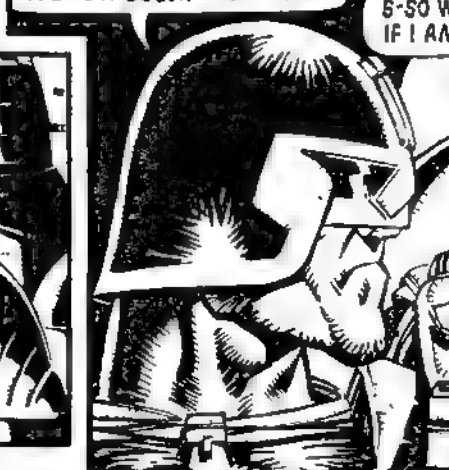




THE STOLEN POD IS LATER FOUND ABANDONED. THERE IS NO SIGN OF THE FOURTH MAN.



OH, YOU'LL TALK, PAL. WE FOUND THESE IN YOUR POCKET — **STOOKIE CAPSULES**. YOU'RE A USER, AREN'T YOU?



SO AS LONG AS YOUR MOUTH STAYS SHUT, THESE STAY WITH ME.



LOCK HIM UP. WE'LL SEE HOW HE FEELS IN THE MORNING!

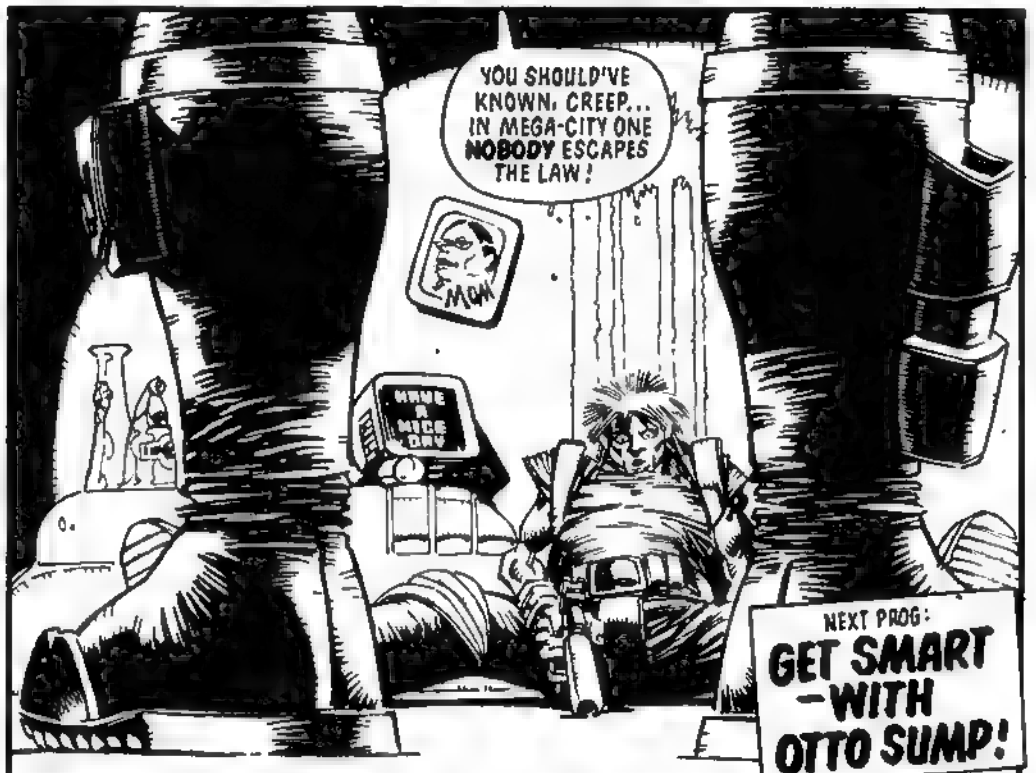
STOOKIE, THE ILLEGAL YOUTH DRUG, COULD DRAMATICALLY RETARD THE AGEING PROCESS —

HE MUST BE A HEAVY USER, DREDD. RECORDS SHOW HIM OVER 90, BUT HE HARDLY LOOKS 30!



WITHOUT HIS REGULAR SUPPLY OF STOOKIE A HEAVY USER CAN AGE DECADES IN A FEW HOURS —







THARG'S FUTURE-

SHOCKS

THE LONG SLEEP

"THIS IS CAPTAIN SANDMAN REPORTING TO MISSION CONTROL. THE SHIP'S ON AUTO-PILOT NOW... WON'T SEE EARTH COLONY EPSILON FOR 200 YEARS."



"THE OTHER GUYS ARE IN DEEP SLEEP—BUT I THOUGHT I'D SAY A FEW WORDS BEFORE I CLOSE MY EYES..."

"BOY, THESE NEW SUSPENDED ANIMATION CAPSULES ARE REALLY SOMETHING ELSE, MISSION CONTROL. I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHO INVENTED THEM..."

"SO THIS'LL BE MY BUNK FOR THE NEXT 2 CENTURIES, EH, CAP?"

"S'RIGHT, RYAN. IF WE DIDN'T GO INTO DEEP SLEEP WE'D BE DUST AND BONES BY THE TIME WE ARRIVED!"

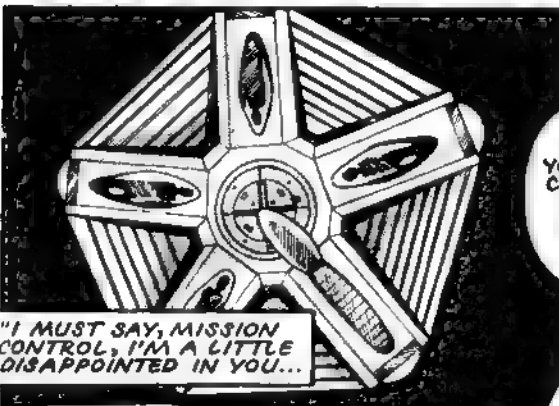


"AND THESE NEW S.A. CAPSULES ARE THE MOST SOPHISTICATED EVER..."



"THEY'LL PUT US TO SLEEP, FEED US, CLEAN US, INCREASE OUR IQ... THEY'LL EVEN BRUSH OUR TEETH SO WE DON'T ARRIVE WITH BAD BREATH! SO LIE DOWN LIKE A GOOD BOY AND I'LL TUCK YOU IN..."

"RYAN WAS THE LAST OF THEM. IT'S FUNNY, BUT I DIDN'T SPOT THE PROBLEM TILL THEN."



"I MUST SAY, MISSION CONTROL, I'M A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED IN YOU..."

2000AD
Credit Card:
SCRIPT ROBOT
PETE MILLISAN
ART ROBOT
JEFF ANDERSON
LETTERING ROBOT
STEVE POTTER
COMPU-73E

"THE HATCH CLOSED OVER RYAN'S FACE, AND THEN I PULLED THE SLEEP SWITCH. HE WENT OUT LIKE A LIGHT."

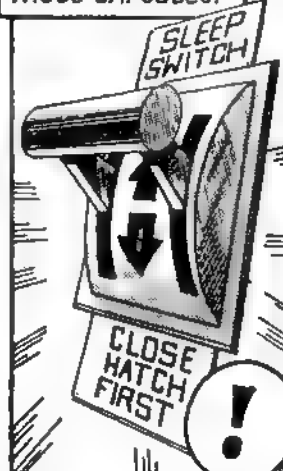
"SWEET DREAMS, RYAN."



"AND NOW I JUST CAN'T GET TO SLEEP. YOU SEE, MISSION CONTROL, I'M THE LAST ONE AWAKE—SO THERE'S NO ONE TO TUCK ME IN."

"AND THE HATCH HAS GOT TO BE SHUT BEFORE THE SLEEP SWITCH CAN BE ACTIVATED..."

"BOY, I'D JUST LOVE TO KNOW WHO INVENTED THESE CAPSULES!"



**THE TROUBLE WITH THINGS
THAT GET TOO CLOSE TO ONE
ANOTHER IS THAT THINGS
GET VERY CONFUSING VERY
QUICKLY FOR EXAMPLE WHEN
RIDING YOUR BIKE ON A BUSY
MAIN ROAD IT CAN BE VERY
DANGEROUS IF THE PERSON
IN FRONT OF YOU SUDDENLY
DECIDES TO STOP OR TURN
RIGHT AND YOU HAVE GOT TOO
CLOSE TO THEM TO DO ANY
THING ABOUT IT THEN YOU
COULD HAVE A VERY NASTY
ACCIDENT AND DAMAGE A
LOT MORE THAN YOUR BIKE
SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS
LEAVE JUST A LITTLE MORE
ROOM THEN YOU'LL HAVE
PLENTY OF TIME TO
PROTECT
YOURSELF**

IF YOU WANT TO KEEP ON LIVING. KEEP YOUR DISTANCE.

MONDAY MORNING IN THE
COMMAND MODULE, AND
A BEST-FORGOTTEN
FACE TURNS UP —

PLEASE, MIGHTY, UM...
ONE! CAN I HAVE MY,
ER... JOB BACK?

SM
BURT

I THOUGHT I'D
GOT RID OF YOU,
BURT! DIDN'T I
SEND YOU TO
HELP OUT ON
SOME COMPUTER
MAGAZINE?

THARG THE MIGHTY

In
—EXIT—
THE
WALLY

ER...YES, YOU DID. BUT
IT'S, ER...UM...CLOSED
DOWN.

TM

NO FAULT OF, UM
...MINE, I, ER...
HASTEN TO ADD.
I WAS ALWAYS
RIGHT ON THE,
UM...BUTTON!

WELL, YOU'RE TOO
LATE — THANKFULLY!
I'VE ALREADY RE-
PLACED YOU.

THIS IS
MY NEW
ASSISTANT,
SIM-1.

2000AD
Credit Card:

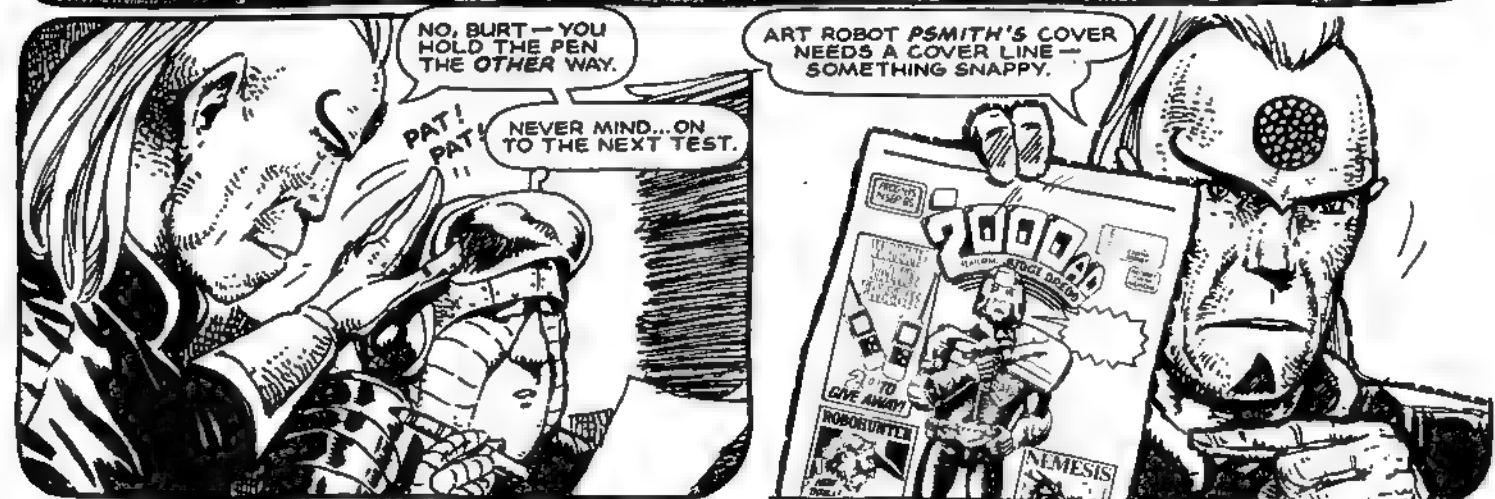
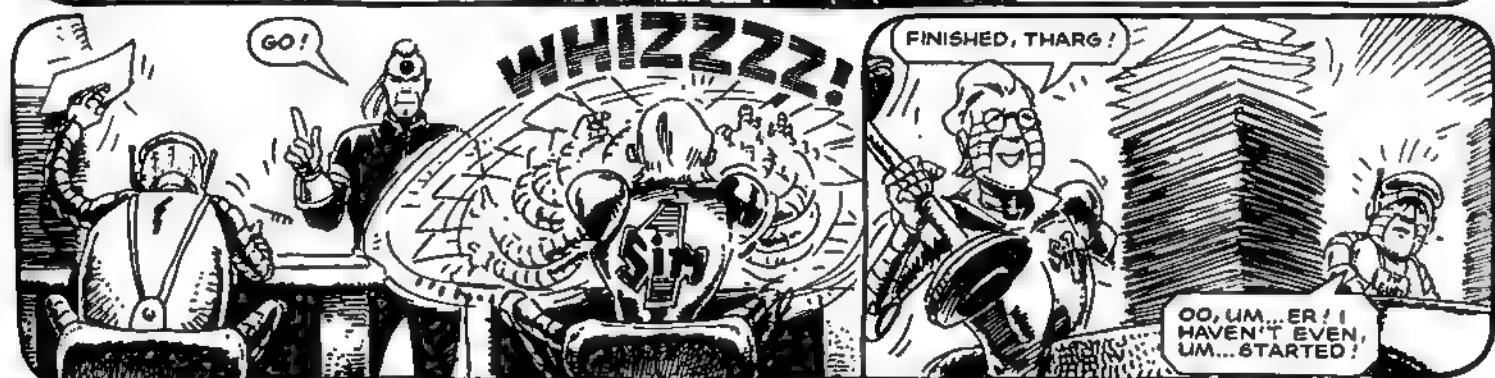
SCRIPT: ROBOT
T.M.O.
ART: ROBOT
EZQUERRA
LETTERING: ROBOT
ROBSON

COMPU-73

A PLEASURE,
BURT — I
DON'T THINK!

CAN'T STOP
MUST BE OFF.
LOTS TO DO!

ZOOM!





HALF AN HOUR PASSES BEFORE BURT'S EFFORT IS READY —



NIL DESPERANDUM, BURT. PERHAPS YOU'LL COME INTO YOUR OWN ON THE NEXT TEST — ART DROID CONTROL.



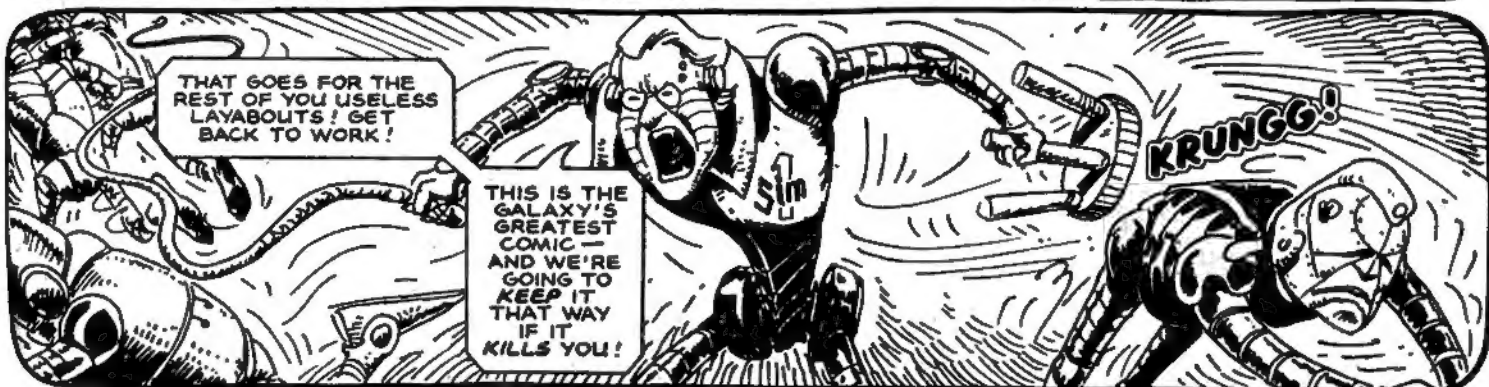
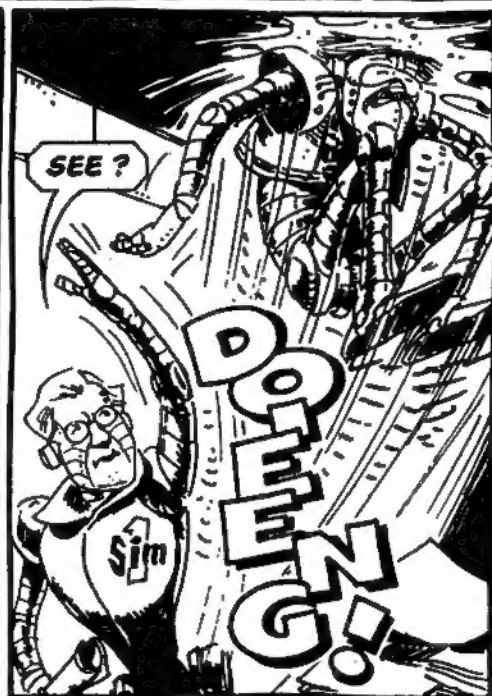
NO, UM... PROBLEM, MIGHTY ONE!

VERY URGENT!

TOP PRIORITY

J. DREDD
DUE: Tomorrow
REMARKS: yesterday

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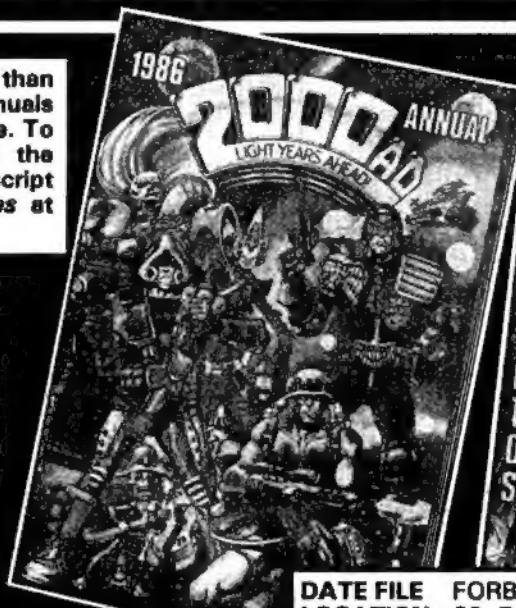
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